

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT
OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of the great news organization for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.
The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

Anyway Stensland won't have to pay his own fare back to Chicago.

At any rate, Hearst's nomination for governor of New York means that it will be an interesting campaign.

Very likely President Palma would like to see The Hague tribunal get busy and accomplish something practical.

There is some question as to whether the real terrorists in Russia are the extreme revolutionists or the troops who are unrestrained.

Mr. Bryan came fresh from the peace conference only to engage in a war with Roger Sullivan. Why not make them arbitrate?

Stensland is coming home in a refrigerator ship. The warm reception that he will receive will therefore seem hotter than ever, by contrast.

Incidentally Colonel Thomas Benton Murdock handed out a splendid line of advice to the students of Kansas university the other day.

Was it intentional or otherwise that the Nemaha county Republican convention endorsed President Roosevelt but forgot to mention Governor Hoar?

W. Y. Morgan's announcement that he will not put his last series of European letters into book form will be a disappointment to a good many people.

President Palma may think he is having trouble, but Nick Romanoff can tell him what the real thing is like, and that there isn't any of it in Cuba.

Of course when the government has a really hard job like this Cuban matter to attend to, it sends for Funston, but Greeley is left to wear gold lace out on the coast.

After reading Senator Long's answer to LaFollette, the Clay Center Times, Del Valentine's paper, thinks it would like to give LaFollette just a few minutes to reply.

There is a suspicion that the individuals who make joint whiskey have denatured alcohol plants already established. The stuff is poison enough, at any rate.

Now that the excitement is all over in Maine, the people of that commonwealth can look on with calm indifference while the rest of us saw the air with our campaign.

Mrs. Rhinelander Stewart, the divorced wife of a millionaire, is about to marry another millionaire with the ordinary name of Smith. The millions are the thing, however, not the name.

Congressman Littlefield says Samuel Gompers really helped him to re-elect instead of being a hindrance to him, but it is doubtful if Mr. Littlefield sends for Mr. Gompers the next time he runs.

If Gompers really helped Littlefield, "Uncle Joe" Cannon ought to welcome the American Federation leader with open arms, now that Gompers is returning to Illinois to put a few kix in to Uncle Joe.

President Roosevelt should not be given credit for reforming all the words on his simplified list. About sixty per cent of them were reformed three or four decades ago and have kept straight during all of these years.

A New York stenographer has refused to marry her millionaire employer. The strange part of it is apparent when it is known that she continues to take dictations from him when she might have married him and done the dictating herself.

Reno county not only had to have a list of outside harvest hands this year, but now it is advertising for a thousand apple pickers. If Kansas farmers don't quit raising such big crops there will be nobody to save them after a while.

Now that Chester I. Long has chosen Senator Allison of Iowa as his model, the Kansas City Star surmises that the ideal of Charles Curtis is Thomas C. Platt. The Star is very evidently mistaken. Mr. Curtis has no hankering for a nemesis like Miss Mae Wood.

In commenting on Senator Long's reply to LaFollette at Beloit a few days ago, the Beloit Gazette says the speech "was a wet blanket to those who heard LaFollette at Lincoln park," and it concludes that the Kansas senator "does

not seem to have found out that a majority of the Kansas Republicans are with LaFollette." Of course no actual census on the subject has yet been taken, but there are strong indications that the Gazette is right. If Senator Long is observing he will discover that the sentiment of the people of Kansas frequently differs from that which prevails in the United States senate.

INTERVENTION.
The influence which this government may exert over the little Latin-American republics to the south is shown by the alacrity with which the Cubans got busy to make peace with themselves as soon as they heard that Uncle Sam proposed to take a hand in the affairs of their island.

Now there is a good prospect that peace will be established and the Cuban government preserved with no further activity on our part. The simple declaration on the part of the United States that peace ought to be brought about in the island and the destruction of property, together with the announcement that some of our officials would visit the island to investigate conditions, was sufficient to make both the Cuban government and the revolutionists anxious to stop hostilities.

The character and education of the Cuban people are such as to make them susceptible to revolutionary influences. They are accustomed to rebellion against the powers that be, and they hold such an affair lightly. With a minority party almost as great as the majority, it is easy for the minority to believe itself wronged and kept out of its rights and they appeal to arms. They do not regard it as treason but simply as a stand for their rights.

In the present instance it became evident that President Palma and his government could not suppress the revolution, and that the destruction of property might continue indefinitely to the great injury of the Cuban people as a whole. Under the Platt amendment it became the duty of the United States to intervene. Hence the action of President Roosevelt in advising peace and in sending Secretary Taft and Assistant Secretary Bacon to Cuba to personally investigate the claims of both sides. And in order to prove that Cuba is capable of self-government, both sides are now anxious to come to an understanding before the arrival of the Taft party.

FIGHTING PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.
There is a little paper published in New York under the title, "Concerning Municipal Ownership." At first glance one gets the idea that it is favorable to that idea, but the contents prove to be the other way.

Very few people would subscribe for such a publication, but the way it gets its circulation is in the manner in which the publishers are paid. It is disclosed in a letter inadvertently sent to the superintendent of the waterworks at Fort Scott.

The publishers of the paper evidently supposed the Fort Scott plant was owned by private persons instead of by the municipality, and that the owners were afraid of the "municipal ownership" microbe. After addressing the superintendent of the water plant they say:

"We are sending you a copy of the September issue of our bulletin 'Concerning Municipal Ownership,' believing that you will be specially interested in the article on page 114 on 'The Yonkers Waterworks.'"

"A 16-page pamphlet containing a full account of this situation will be sent you without charge upon your request accompanying your subscription for our bulletin. It might pay you to circulate this pamphlet generously in your city."

"Sixty per cent of the cities of the United States that have a population exceeding 5,000 have municipal waterworks. Your business may not be threatened just now but an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and \$25.00 will put the bulletin in the hands of 100 men in your city for a year, or send one issue to 1000 of your citizens."

"That's pretty cheap insurance, but it's good, for the bulletin gives the facts that make a man immune to the microbe of municipal ownership."

"If \$25.00 is too much for you at this time, better send 25c for your own subscription, so as to keep in touch with the campaign of education this bureau is carrying on. Sooner or later you may need our help; we need your encouragement now."

This tip is also given in a postscript:

"P. S.—We have recently received a subscription from one company for 1,857 copies of our bulletin. These are to be inserted in the first issue sent, and any individual subscriptions resulting from the sale of the bill to the company. We shall be pleased to make the same arrangements with you."

So if you happen to find yourself the recipient of a journal attempting to sow the seeds of distrust in municipal ownership, you will know that some benevolent corporation desires to keep "the public" from going into business for yourself in certain lines, and is therefore telling you what a poor business it is, although the benevolent corporation is anxious to continue in it.

SOCIALISM'S PROMISES.

In an address issued by the Socialist convention in Clay county last week occurred this paragraph:

"If Socialism will guarantee you and your posterity forever as good living and surroundings as can be furnished to any human being, is that not what you want? Do you wish to be placed beyond the fear of want? Do you not desire your children to be such a generation beyond the fear of want?"

Such a guarantee would be the curse of humanity. A large portion of the population of this country would become lazy and shiftless if they were guaranteed even a bare living. They would not work. They would become non-producers. And if they were not compelled to work the devil would certainly find employment for them and there would be all kinds of trouble.

One of the greatest blessings that an all-wise Providence has given to mankind is the necessity of working. Some of us find it rather inconvenient sometimes, but it is a good thing for us that we have to work for a living instead of being able to loaf.

Harry Thaw is the result of a man being guaranteed a living, and he is only a conspicuous example. Vice and crime and idleness would be much more prevalent than they are if every person were guaranteed a living.

Continuing the address says:

"Socialism will give more than \$3,000 a year to each worker and he will not. If it will, do you not want it? If it will not, then a little reading will disprove it, and that ends the matter."

"What fairer proposition could be presented for your consideration? Do the old patriots to whom you give your votes, promise any change for you?"

"Are you getting as much as \$3,000 a year under their management of public affairs? If you are getting more, if you are sure of always getting more, if you are sure each of your children will get more, then of course Socialism will have no charms for you. This is the Socialist position in a nutshell."

This would be very pleasant for those of us who do not get \$3,000 a year, but there is another side to it. If we were all getting \$3,000 a year, no matter what our occupation or work, the other fellow would soon begin to shirk and leave more work for us to do. Of course we wouldn't shirk. Oh, not! But somebody would shirk, and the production of wealth would fall off, and soon there wouldn't be enough bunches of \$3,000 each to go around.

Then again some of us who are not getting \$3,000 a year now may hope to do even better than that sometime. If the incentive of getting larger returns for our labor were removed we would not continue to improve in our work. We would likely do less instead of more, stagnation would follow, and the country would necessarily drop back to the wage system.

Socialism probably has its good points, and our present industrial system undoubtedly has its faults—among them the accumulation of tremendous unearned fortunes—but the propositions submitted by the Clay county Socialists would prove a curse and not a blessing to humanity.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

This department regrets to note that Colonel Dod Gaston needs to take a course in simplified spelling.

Bertha Krupp is spending only \$250 for her trousers, but that isn't the only reason why she is the richest girl in the world.

Comparatively few people know what B. S. V. P. means, but nobody has to guess twice on C. O. D.

Now that Bert Murdock has elected Stubbs senator, Curtis and Benson and Bristow and the rest might as well quit.

If this department ever goes in an airship to discover the North Pole, it will insist on having the airship steam-heated.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

The Wichita Eagle proposes to build itself a new nest before long.

Mr. Foresight, who lives in Eldorado, is supposed to be blessed with plenty of afterthought just like other men.

"Why," asks the Council Grove Guard, "does a woman make her husband stand in front of the mirror while she shaves his neck?"

Noting that a McPherson company has just purchased a big machine for digging ditches, Fred Trigg wonders if it will compare with that big machine Jim Simpson has down there for cutting turf.

Critsburg is having the usual number of broken arms and legs since a circus was there recently and stimulated the younger portion of the population to athletic efforts in the high dive and rope walking line.

You may think you are smart, but a Council Grove woman who clerks in a store, gets up at 3 o'clock on Monday mornings, dresses the family, gets breakfast and is at her place behind the counter by 8 o'clock.

Some farmers in the northern part of Jewell county have formed a company for the purpose of putting down a prospect hole 3,000 feet. They have been making so much money out of the top five feet of soil during recent years that they are anxious to see if they can get well with what is lower down.

San Antonio Pete was killed by a train near Logan the other day. No, Pete wasn't a cowboy nor a Mexican. He was a country school teacher in that State, and he has gone over many a race track. This year he was leading a quiet and simple life in a pasture near Logan, only to wander inadvertently through a gap in a fence to be run down by a Central Branch train. He evidently could not trot very fast or a C. B. train could not have caught him.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.]

Love and business mix worse than business and whisky.

If a run should start on you, could you meet it all right?

A debauched reputation is an apology everyone has to accept.

The reputations of banks and women are easily affected.

"If I were a man," nearly every woman says, "I would smoke."

The more some people "kick" for their rights, the faster they get.

Farmers are less jealous of each other than other men; but farmers are jealous of each other.

A woman may not want much in this world, but she wants that cut glass with an engraved end to it.

How intensely rivals hate each other! And rivals in business hate each other almost as much as rivals in love.

One of the surprising things to a man is the number of foolish things his wife does when considering the good advice he gives them.

Vacation note: It is cheaper to visit in a family where there are no girls, for the reason that girls always see to it that returned visits are promptly collected.

There is a little, cross old maid in Atchison that causes us to laugh every time we see her; it amuses us to think how she would "boast" a husband. She would mistrust a husband simply because people wouldn't expect a woman of her size to do it. Her husband might be a good fellow, but she would malice him to amuse her folks, and "show" them.

Whenever we want to injure a certain Atchison man we know how to do it: tell him he said today about women. "They all say they wouldn't stand a crowd with their husbands," the man said, "but the best woman on earth will take her beating if the husband goes about it right. And she'll be all the better for it." Now, isn't that terrible? Shouldn't he be chased out of town?

KANSAS COMMENT

NEED A STATE FAIR.

Smith county has been well represented at both the Iowa and Nebraska state fairs this season and in every case persons who have visited these state exhibitions have gone home and expressed themselves as regretting that Kansas does not appear able to get into the class with states where successful fairs are held each year. Money enough has been spent foolishly each year by the legislature to defray the total cost of a fair which would do great credit to every resident of the state of Kansas. The enterprise should be taken in hand by the people and managed by a committee working in connection with the agricultural department. Such an enterprise located at Topeka and managed in the interests of the farmers and stock raisers would prove a safe investment at the end of ten years. Smith county is quite a distance from the capital but a man to be elected governor would be enough to forget the interest of some professional politician who aspires to the United States senate and take up a measure in the proper way to insure a permanent state fair for Kansas. We can make the showing to do credit to the state if the proposition could be taken out of the hands of the grafters and politicians.—Smith Center Journal.

HOW DOES CURTIS STAND?

How does a congressman stand patted or is he in accord with the President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft on tariff revision. There are a large number of Republicans in this district who would like to know before the election. The safe answer is that it is not half so important so far as Mr. Curtis is concerned, as tariff revision. Mr. Curtis will have no vote on the tariff primary question or on the two-cent tariff. He will have no vote on the legislature, but he will have no vote on tariff revision when it comes up in congress. "How does he stand?"—Holton Recorder.

SORGHUM AND HONEY.

Knocked out in the first round. No sooner had we spoken a good word for sorghum—Kansas' almighty day crop—than we were told by J. B. McMillan, of Chelsea, and says, "to talk back with sorghum." He has Kansas honey—home-grown alfalfa and clover, which is the best in the world, in which to feed his corn fodder. Honey is good, but then nothing takes the place of sorghum—for one who was raised on it.—El Dorado Republican.

A CAUSE FOR WRATH.

Doesn't it make you mad to answer the telephone and have someone yell at you "Who is this?" Then when you ask anyone why do you say it? When you telephone inquire if it is the number you want, and then ask for the person to whom you wish to speak. For goodness sake if you cannot find the friendship of your acquaintance don't yell "Who is this?" at them through the telephone. It is none of your business who it is. And that is the answer you deserve when you ask.—Sabetha Herald.

PRINT ITS OWN BOOKS.

For some years the Times has advocated the printing of text-books by the publishers. Now that we have our own printers, it is a feasible thing to do. It appears to be the only way in which to avoid the recurring school book scandals, and while supplying the schools with more books at a lower price, it would be quite as satisfactory as those who plan would have the additional advantage of proving a distinct economy.—Leavenworth Times.

POLITICS AND PRIZE FIGHTS.

The morning after the prize fight between Battling Nelson and Gans, the editorial in the Times was kept busy with inquiries as to the result. This morning not a call was sent in as to the result of the Maine election. Did anyone care anything about people being interested in politics?—Salina Journal.

FROM OTHER PENS

CAN'T BE SPARED.

A Missouri mob is reported forming to lynch a man named Don't. They're too scarce now.—Des Moines News.

THE ARBITER OF SPELLING.

Not all the governmental personages on earth, nor all the educational bodies can have so much influence on the spelling of the languages as the humble newspaper printer. It is he who is responsible for many of the present orthographical twists, and it is he who will remove those twists again when the printer's union is organized. He does not originate himself.—Atlanta Journal.

WILL LOOK QUEER.

When the president's next message is printed, the typesetting machines will express are casting pi lines.—Buffalo Express.

BUT NOT TO TOPEKA'S.

Any one with a surplus rabbit's foot should send it to the White Sox.—Chicago News.

THE WRECKERS.

Between being wrecked and committing suicide, our poor bank wreckers are having a very unpleasant time.—Baltimore Sun.

OKLAHOMA'S CORN LIE.

Forter Moss says it is so dark in his cornfield that he can't see the corn. The growth of the corn that the lightning bugs can be seen in it in the daytime the same as at night.—Ponca City Courier.

PUBLIC MEMORY SHORT.

Even Russell Sage's cheap clothes have been forgotten by the public mind and memory. When a rich man dies he dies very dead; same with some poor men, also.—Memphis News-Schmitzer.

QUESTION.

John D. Rockefeller blames the big headlines in newspapers for the mad rush of the gold and people mind and wealth. What paper was it that started John D.—Chicago Record-Herald.

PLEASE HIM SOME MORE.

Secretary Wilson, after visiting plantations, has noted some pleasing improvements in institutions that, according to their present condition, were already perfect.—Chicago News.

FOUNDATION ALMOST IN.

Mr. Henry Ford at work on a new novel. The greater portion of the opening sentence is already completed.—London Tribune.

GORKY.

It's all right for Maxim Gorky to denounce New York for its "horrible worship of the Golden Dollar," but why does he not give his friends his discomfited that we had no use for "the covetous serpent?"—New York Commercial.

TO A STRAW HAT.

Away with thee, creature of terror!
Too long have you ventured to stay.
The wicker maid falls into error,
You're leading him judgment astray.
The mercury ought to be falling
And the sun should be out of the glass;
Yet it climbs with a speed that's appalling
To watch you and grin as you pass.

Go hence with the collar that's trailing
Round the neck in limp folds negligé;
The trousers whose belt oft seems failing,
And the shirrings of vivid display.
Tanned and yellowed, and far from handsome,
Of haphazard athletic in taste,
The white footwear that looks so significant
And likewise the peek-a-boo waist.

—Washington Star.

Limericks and How to Write 'Em.

My new book, "How to Write Humorous Verse," having just come from the press and being for sale at all the department stores, where you can get it, of the blonde compendium at any book counter at \$1.95, provided you will sell you she hasn't and will remain a laughing stock, but don't be deceived by substitutes. I want to say a few words about the book to correct any misunderstanding regarding its value. I have written about 1,000 limericks and I do not know what I am talking about when I pretend to tell others how to write humorous verse, and that I am a limerick cheat and never wrote a limerick. I have written a book and I really believe it. Anyone who wants to make me believe that will have to prove it to me.

My book is the fourth of my well-known "How to" series and is bound the same way, with a swinging lid at each end. The color of the lid is blue, like my other books. The other volumes of the series are "How to Write Poems," "How to Pickle Olives," "How to Catch Trout," and "How to Write 'How to' Books." I have under way two more, entitled "How to Write Dramas" and "How to Cure Hams."

The first chapter of "How to Write Humorous Verse" divides humor into two principal divisions: First, humorous verse that is funny, and second, humorous verse written by others than myself.

The second chapter begins with the query, "What is the lowest form of humorous verse?" The pun is said to be the lowest form of humor. I boldly announce, in Chapter II, that the limerick is the first form, or lowest-down form, of humorous verse. I explain why. A limerick is "a limerick," I say, "is a poem of five lines, in which are sawed off shorter than the others." By this description anyone can tell a limerick who sees one. I advise all beginners to learn to write limericks first of all before attempting things like the "Rigolow Papers" or "Nothing to Wear." To show how clear my instructions are I quote from the book:

"We will now proceed to compose a limerick. To do this the learner should first draw on a blank sheet of paper something like five rows of fence posts.

"By doing this the art is rendered much simpler, for all that is necessary to write one syllable in each space between the fence posts. It serves to prevent the enthusiastic beginner from getting the third and fourth lines too long. In the heat of joyous composition the poet is apt to forget to keep these two lines short, and he goes ahead and writes them as long as the others, which makes him look like a fool. He then begins to cut and cut part of them off afterwards. It is always best to lay out a map of the limerick first, just as a good cabinetmaker will not begin to begin to make a sofa unless he has his working drawing before him.—Ellis Parker Butler in 'Success Magazine.'"

A Women's Suffrage Bird.

Wilson's phalarope is very common in nearly all parts of the northwestern prairies wherever there are grasslands. It is a small, sleek, and beautiful little bird, with no immediate outcries, feeding pretty along the moist margins of the sloughs, and not showing itself over our presence. From nearly every standpoint this phalarope—like all other species of its class—is an anomaly among the birds. Apparently a land bird, it has partially webbed or scaly feet and is a good and graceful swimmer. The female is the larger and handsomer of the pair; she does the courting, and he most of the incubation and nursery work. He is only a week or so older as becomes the husband of an Amazon for so worthy and strenuous a young man as she will not tolerate a huck napping around him. He has plenty of useful work to be done. For her part, to lay eggs so big that the chicks are clothed and able to run at birth, she should reasonably be expected of her. Their marital relations are otherwise scandalous, and on our point of view. Two or three seen together, the males are often seen devoting themselves to one little female at the height of the nesting season, and no one seems to be sure whether or not the husband and wife are any of all them. Anyhow they are head over ears in love with him. One such group of four followed me around after noon, as though anxious about their nest in the grass. They alighted in a pool to swim about, and I secured a snapshot of them.—Herbert K. Job in "The Lake-Side Waders of the Northwest," in The Outing Magazine.

Something for Art.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. E. C. Potter, the engineer, with a big laugh on one of the very rare occasions when he could be induced to talk about himself, "how I happened to take up art. I was going much against my will, a Greek sculptor, and one day, when I looked up and there just beyond the building I saw a big flock of turkeys. I ran across beyond them, drove them into the tower, and closed the door. In the middle of the lecture there was the most tremendous row you ever heard. The professor jumped up with every boy and girl and ran out to see what was the matter. As we got to the door, the rum-pum broke out louder than ever, and suddenly the tower was full of turkeys—great big turkeys, bursting out of the upper windows of the art gallery and making a noise like a whole barnyard. The janitor had tried to drive them out of the tower, but they had taken the stairs into the gallery and on through, knocking down casts, rubbing pictures and I don't know what all.

"And your daughter?"

"I never confessed—but after that scene of devastation I felt as if I really ought to try to do something for art."—The World's Work.

Looking Forward.

"Was your husband killed in the subway crash?" asked the woman in violet crepe.

"No, he perished in the 'Seeling New York' accident."

"How odd. I lost my migs during a trolley crash at the bridge."

"And your son?"

"In the elevator accident."

"And your daughter?"

"Died from heart failure after a bargain hunt."

"No, this is not a conversation in a play, is it? I lost some of the small talk overheard at an afternoon tea in the year 2000. And yet we continue to go the pace.—Exchange.

THE EVENING STORY

Temper and Green Tulle.

By Sarah McConnell.

He was busy getting the thoughts of her out of his mind, sore put to it to be free and his own man again. She was capricious, inconstant, vain; she was self-willed and full of will; she was—oh, she was Alexandra Lee. He would not think of her.

He remembered that had happened that night was blurred to him. But the bang of the carriage door as she stepped home reverberated in his mind like the crack of doom. It had slipped from his hand and swung to with a crash. Alexandra's laugh mocked him. "With any one else, George, I'd have said the door slammed."

He remembered how she looked as he turned, after something strange in her eyes that matched, in expression, the mischievous rufflings and billowings of her gown—that frivolous, fluttering, evening green tulle he had watched all evening. Discussed with every other man in the room—with Herbert Hartley, a dawning, dangle-dangle, a signpost to every path but those of rectitude or honor in the world, Herbert Hartley!

From her carriage—corner Alexandra's—she had stepped to with a crash. Al—any one else, George, I'd have said the door slammed."

"Herbert? You're a tone that hints at 'thirdly and fourthly, brethren, and poor Herbert! he's so much more of a song than a sermon."

He had never meant to quarrel, only to deal with her in a firm, prompt fashion, as a man should. Firm, prompt he had been, with certain view of exposition that served him well in courts of law, but with Alexandra—

She bent down as he ended. "Are you there, Alexandra?" she asked of the floor. Poor dear, there is nothing left to pick up. Oh, dear, first dread! "I'm stifled. I can't breathe. There, take it back!" And she tossed the ring across to him. "Now one can draw a free breath."

"Alexandra!" he begged.

But he had cut, and she meant he should pay. And hers was a pretty gift of table turning.

But he had cut, and she meant he should pay. And hers was a pretty gift of table turning.

"We haven't gained anything this way," she said again. The point is Herbert Hartley.

"Then I must put on my bonds again! Where is the ring?"

"You had it last."

"I laid it in your lap."

But it was not in her lap, nor the seat, nor the carriage. Alexandra looked at him. "Fourthly, George, do you sure you've not taken it back for safe keeping?"

He stood a long moment at her door. Incidence was match to her powder. "How can I answer unless we're engaged, and people can't be engaged without a ring?" he asked. "You seem to think with mine on that fall to remember. Bring it back to me, and—good night!"

It was a turmoil once Alexandra entered, and he remembered with what perverse astuteness she had said herself, "I'm like a mustard plaster on your mind. You'd better take me off before I blister."

But she was in every wind that blew, and without her nothing was worth while that once had been.

His accustomed ways, and though many a flutter of familiar skirts had set his heart a-jump, yet he never had met a girl so clever, so quick, so full of some importance too him, and with such sharp darts aimed at all his faculties that he had known a sort of reprieve.